

Dragons Drabbles

by WritingBolt

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Summary: A collection of drabbles/ one-shots in countdown to HTTYD 2. Feel free to leave requests in the review section, I will write requests!

1. Growing Up

Growing up

It was a very ordinary day. The sun was shining brightly despite the utmost contrast in the outside temperature, in fact, everything was completely normal. Stoick was walking through the village after a long day of being chief when Gobber suddenly appeared out of nowhere, Stoick slowed his pace down just a little so that the one-legged man could keep up.

"Afternoon, Gobber." Stoick greeted in his normal fashion.

"Same to you too, Stoick," Gobber spoke again a beat later, "you know, I've been thinking..."

"About what exactly?"

"Hiccup."

"Oh... And why would that be?" Stoick asked, wondering what matters his son was concerned in.

"Oh, don't you worry; 'tis nothing bad. I've just been thinking about 'im. You remember when he was a scrawny little lad, don't you?"

"He's my son, Gobber, of course I remember!"

"I know, I know, but you should see 'im work at the forge! He's hammerin' away, usin' the anvils; he can do whatever he want! He has the strength now, Odin bless 'im." Gobber chuckled.

"Where exactly is this going?" Questioned Stoick, Gobber stopped walking when they found themselves near the front entrance to the forge.

"Well, look at 'im, Stoick! He's all grown up! Right before our eyes!" Gobber exclaimed happily. He gestured over to where the subject of the conversation was working. Hiccup was deep in concentration as he put all of his power into hammering a connecting rod into shape, the tall Viking was currently working on some saddles for the new trainees at the academy. He was completely unaware of his father and Gobber standing outside watching him.

"I never really noticed how much he's grown..." Stoick muttered, shaking his head lightly.

"I know the feeling! It seems like only yesterday he was starting work here! An' look at 'im now! He's almost taller than I am! In fact, he probably is!" Gobber laughed, "an' he's taller than all of his friends now, he'll be chief before we know it!"

"Oh, now you're making me feel old, Gobber!" Stoick sighed, looking through the window at his son.

"We're all getting on now, I think." The blacksmith shook his head again with a smile, "He'll be twenty next week."

"I'm going to do something special for him this year." Stoick announced.

"And so you should, he deserves it. All that he's done for us, it's the least we can do. I just can't belie-" Gobber suddenly cut off, staring straight at Hiccup,

"What is it, Gobber? What's wrong?"

"The little bugger is messing with that blasted leg again!" He put a meaty hand to his head. "I only just finished adjusting the thing for 'im yesterday! He's gonna break it!"

"I'll leave you too it then..." Stoick chuckled heartily as his friend began stomping towards Hiccup. Stoick looked on at the scene for a few moments before turning away to continue his walk home, ignoring the arguing in the background. Hiccup was going to be in a right mood when he got home.

But no matter how old he was, no matter what happened between them, Hiccup would always be Stoick's little boy- and he was more than proud to say it.

* * *

><p>Hello again, so because of my undeniable excitement for HTTYD 2, this happened. I decided to write some drabbles one-shot thingies. Sorry about any mistakes, I wrote this on my tablet as my laptop wasn't working.**

**Anyway, please, by all means, feel free to leave your own ideas for me to write in a review. I would be more than happy to write some requests! **

****WritingBolt****

2. Flight Suit

Wing Suit

"It's not gonna work." Astrid stated simply. Hiccup groaned in frustration for what seemed like the hundredth time that day.

"Of course it will!" He exclaimed, "I've done my research! Give me one good reason why it wouldn't work." Astrid crossed her arms over and leaned her weight over to one leg.

"Well for starters, how on earth would it hold you up?"

"Oh thank you so very much for that compliment." Hiccup deadpanned before going back to his sewing.

"You know what I meant, stop twisting my words!" She took a few steps closer and leaned over the male Viking, trying to get a closer look at what he was doing. Astrid would never understand how a man could do a woman's job even better than half of the village. "Anyways, we have the dragons, you can already fly! What's the point?"

"The point is this will allow me to fly alongside Toothless rather than have to rely on him all the time. It's a new experience, you know, ever heard of broadening your horizons?"

"Whatever, just don't come complaining to me when it doesn't work!" Astrid sighed, looking over his shoulder one last time.

"If it doesn't work I won't be complaining to anyone- I'll most likely be dead. Besides, I'm totally confident in this!" Hiccup spoke without looking up. He heard Astrid exit the forge and gave a small smile; he'd show them all how wrong they all were. This flight suit was going to work, he could feel it. All Hiccup had to do now was finish it up then prove his creation to the Village.

* * *

><p>"You do know how stupid and reckless this is, right?" Fishlegs warned. Hiccup laughed in his own amusement.<p>

"If it works, can you make us some?!" Ruffnut got right up in Hiccup's face with a wide grin.

"Yeah, we're all about stupid and reckless!" Tuffnut agreed with his sister.

"I-I make no promises!" Hiccup chuckled nervously, both of the siblings getting closer and closer to him in excitement.

"This idea is lame anyway!" Snotlout leaned forwards into Hookfangs' twisted horns, "I mean, what's the point in it all? We have dragons, duh! We can already fly!"

"That's what I said!" Astrid butted in; it was unusual that she was agreeing with Snotlout on anything.

"Hey!" Hiccup looked mildly offended, "you wait until I'm up there gliding! Then we'll see who's laughing!"

"I'm laughing because that suit you're wearing is ridiculous." Snotlout snorted.

"You know what? I don't care! It took me forever to make this, so when I can do what none of you can, don't come asking me to make you one of your own!"

"What?!" Tuffnut cried, "But you said you'd make us one!" He gestured to himself then Ruffnut.

"Yeah! What sort of chief goes around and breaks promises?!" Ruffnut crowed, flinging her arms out in emphasis.

"I'm not the chief yet! And I didn't promise anything! Gah! I'm going now! Just stay around here and you should be able to see me." Hiccup flung a leg over Toothless and positioned himself into the saddle.

"Please don't get killed!" Fishlegs yelled worriedly, chanting under his breath about how stupid his friends' idea was.

* * *

><p>Stoick looked around to see the village practically deserted, not even Gobber was in his forge. What on Earth was going on? That's when he heard it. The cheering and whooping of what could only be described as a mob of excited Vikings. The chief followed the loud noise until he reached a steep cliff face, not too far from the academy. Pushing his way to the front, he found Astrid, Snotlout, Fishlegs and the Thorston twins.<p>

"What in the name of Odin is going on here?!" He bellowed, hoping that people would shut up, that didn't happen.

"It's Hiccup sir, he's about to test his new project!" Fishlegs informed his chief.

"And what would that be?"

"Um, you didn't know? Wellâ€¦ Hiccup called it a 'Flight Suit', he's going to jump from Toothless to see if he can fly with it."

"WHAT?! He never told me about this! He is going to get himself Ki-"

"_WOO!"_ A distant holler of pure joy bounced through the sky as a tiny figure began to fall through the sky.

"Hiccup!" Stoick mumbled; eyes wide.

* * *

><p>"WOO!" Hiccup laughed as he fell, this was amazing! Hiccup continued to lose altitude for a further few seconds before deciding that it'd probably be best to put his plan into action sooner rather than later. The Viking began to find the loops to open the suit, he

was beginning to feel a little scared now, the earth was getting closer and closer and it was getting increasingly difficult to operate as the wind continued to push against him. After a few more frightening moments, he felt a sharp jolt as he opened the suit and began parachuting on a downwards trajectory.<p>

Although this was pretty cool too, it wasn't what he'd wanted, pulling the wings open wider and leaning forwards he began to glide. He was still going at quite a fast pace but Hiccup was more than happy at being able to prove his point to his friends. Oh what fun it was going to be when he landed. Thinking of landing, he'd like to do that now. Hiccup leaned down towards the ground and ended up doing a flip in the air- he couldn't seem to control what he was doing properly. Toothless cooed at his side and looked over at Hiccup in a friendly way; his new tail seemed to working fine too.

Once Hiccup had finally got into control he had practically hurtled across the ground. The villagers had thrown themselves out of the way to prevent themselves from being squashed by the chief's son. Rolling across the grass, Hiccup landed in a heap- the flight suit was still intact though and that was always a good sign. Toothless helped the slightly disorientated man into a sitting position. Hiccup looked around for a moment before a large grin came to his face,

"That was awesome!" He threw his long arms into the air and once worried and concerned faces changed to disbelief and shock. Hiccup had achieved yet but another seemingly impossible goal. His friends soon joined him, they ran over and didn't really know what to say, they just stared at him with gaping mouths and wide eyes. They each knew that they'd never hear the end of this.

Dragon tamer, flying Viking, when would Hiccup's win streak end?

* * *

><p>Hope you enjoyed! This was requested by
**DaEpicNinja ****I hope the story wasn't too
bad.**

**Feel free to review or leave your own request
)**

WritingBolt

3. Blame Game

Blame Game

Just when Hiccup thought that her grip couldn't get any tighter, he was proven wrongâ€| again. He swore that after years with only dragons for company her strength must have at least doubled from handling them. Hiccup could almost _feel_ the soft flesh on his left arm bruising as they stood before Stoick.

"Well?" Valka demanded, her green eyes glaring into Stoick's blue ones.

"Ummâ€| What exactly are we talking about?" The chief looked uncharacteristically worried. Hiccup tried to pry his mothers' hand

off only to have it slapped away by her free one.

"You know full well what I am talking about! I can't believe you let this happen!"

"What did I let happen?"

"Stop playing games Stoick! Look at our son! What should be there and isn't?" When Stoick looked to Hiccup, he saw nothing he could comment on; he looked the same as he usually did, not a hair out of place. He looked back to his wife and inwardly cringed at the ferocity her eyes burned with. She stood in a strong pose, not showing a single sign on backing down. Valka forced a sigh, "His leg for Odin's sake! His left leg is _gone!_"

Stoick opened his mouth slightly, looking away awkwardly, "Ohâ€¦" Was all he could manage to stutter out.

"_Oh? _Our son lost his leg whilst under _your_ supervision, and all you can say is _"oh"_"?! You're the chief! How did you let this happen?!"

"Erm, if I could have a say here, it-" Hiccup held up a hand as he began speaking, only to be interrupted by his mother again.

"Be quiet, son, this has nothing to do with you!" Valka snapped. Hiccup turned to look at her; he furrowed his eye brows down and scoffed slightly. After growing up without his mother, he wasn't really accustomed how to exactly talk to one. Yes, he'd spoken to his friends' mothers, and yes, he'd had more than a few arguments with his dad. But honestly, Hiccup had no idea how to talk to his own mother, although, Valka never seemed to quite forget how to talk to her son and husband.

"Actually-"

"Silence! This is between your father and me!"

"Valâ€¦ He can tell you what happened! You'd be proud!" Stoick tried.

Hiccup nodded his head, "Yeah! If you would just _listen_ to what I'm trying to say-"

"Bed! Go to bed!" Even Stoick looked slightly shocked by this outburst; even _he_ hadn't sent Hiccup to bed since he had been a small child.

"I'm twenty!" Hiccup protested in a raised voice.

"Yes, so you should be very familiar with going to bed." Valka released her sons' arm and shooed him away. Hiccup immediately began rubbing the tender area near his shoulder as he stomped up the stairs, not forgetting to throw an annoyed scowl over his shoulder.

"Now let's get down to business, shall we?" The women smiled as she stepped towards her husband. Stoick visibly gulped and smiled nervously. This was going to be a long nightâ€¦

****Hey there! Thanks for reading! This one-shot was based on the request from ****_**AngetianPrincess18**_** I hope you liked it.******

****Feel free to leave your own requests!****

****Ps: I have literally no idea how Valka acts because the movie has yet to come out (can't wait until July 4****th****!) so this is kinda just for fun if you get what I mean.****

4. Spying

Spying

Cheating was something almost encouraged in Viking contests, spying, not so much. Because to be a spy it meant that you didn't want to be seen by the person you're watching; and that meant you were practically invading their privacy. But none of this seemed to bother Astrid as she lowered herself onto the Haddock households' roof from atop Stormfly.

Her booted feet landed on the hard wood with a barely audible thud as she motioned with her hand for her Deadly Nadder to stay behind the house so that she wasn't seen. Crawling across the roof, Astrid gripped tightly to anything that she could to prevent herself from falling. Luckily, as per usual really, the latch on the roof, leading to Hiccup's bedroom, was open.

Not feeling the slightest bit of guilt for her stalker-ish antics, the blonde woman slowly poked her head inside the room and scanned her eyes across it, searching for her boyfriend. Instead of spotting her target, she instead saw her targets' dragon. Toothless was curled up on his slab of grey stone, fast asleep- it would probably be best to stay quiet as to not awaken the Night Fury as he'd probably act as an alarm if she was spotted.

A familiar thump and tap of a booted foot and a prosthetic sounded out as Hiccup suddenly came into view; he dragged a rough hand through his choppy hair before beginning to remove his leather armour. Astrid very nearly slipped inside as her palms became slick with the sweat beading upon them. Thankfully, Hiccup only removed the leather; there would be no overly embarrassing situations tonight.

The young man threw the armour onto his bed before walking over and sitting at his desk. Pulling out a notebook from a drawer, he began to fumble with different pages; upon them were what looked like drawings to Hiccup but scribble on parchment to everyone else. He arranged everything around as he wanted it and, much to Astrid's relief; lit another candle and settled it very close to his work.

Next, the soon-to-be chief stuck his slim hand inside one of his large wooden pots which held some of his paintbrushes and a variety of charcoal sticks and rummaged around before finally pulling a face of recognition and pulling his large hand out. Trapped between the Vikings' fingertips was a folded piece of parchment. Hiccup looked behind him as if to check that nobody was there before unfolding the small parchment until it had almost doubled in size.

The entire sheet was covered in writing, and, for once, it was neat. Whatever this was, Hiccup had put a lot of effort in making sure that he could understand what was written. He added a couple of notes before pulling a clean sheet of parchment from directly underneath the one before him. Hiccup quickly sharpened his charcoal stick with a small dagger lying haphazardly at the far end of his desk before smirking and beginning to write again.

Being too caught up in trying to read what her boyfriend was writing, Astrid never quite noticed the jagged shard of mirror propped up against a small pile of leather bound notebooks. This is why when Hiccup refolded the large parchment and seemingly put it back in its place before collapsing into bed and going to sleep, Astrid lowered herself into the room to see for herself what was going on.

Astrid landed softly on a pile of clothes piled without a care against the wall, "typical man" Astrid thought, she padded over to the wooden desk and threw a cautious glance over her shoulder to make sure Hiccup was still sleeping. Thinking that Hiccup had left the last piece of parchment he had wrote on merely by accident, the blonde Viking smiled to herself before preparing to uncover some secrets. However, what she read wasn't at all what she had been expecting:

_Dear Astrid, _

I'm not stupid; I could see your reflection in the mirror on my desk. I know that you were spying on me, and rightly so, I mean, I know that I've been sneaking around a lot for the past week or so but it will be worth it trust me.

Anyway, I was originally wondering how on earth I was going to do this, but now, all thanks to your nosiness, I know exactly what I'm going to do. I'll see you in the Great Hall in the morning at breakfast, be prepared for a wonderful day, Astrid, everything changes tomorrow, whether for the good or bad I don't know, we'll just have to see.

_Love from, Hiccup _

Ps: Don't even bother looking or anything else, like the other parchment I was writing on, just don't. I mean there is not point. I have hidden them with me; you won't get them without waking me up.

Astrid's face went bright red upon reading this little note. He had known she was there the whole time! That's why he kept smirking! So this whole operation was pointless!

Nowâ€¦ how was she going to get out of here?

Well, after many failed attempts at trying to reach, jump or climb up to and out of the window she entered through, Astrid settled with the boring option and decided to tiptoe as silently as she could down the stairs and out of the front door. How she managed those creaky floor boards without waking any of the Haddock's up she would never know.

The following day came around so slowly that Astrid almost gave up

waiting. But as every sun must rise, it eventually crawled to dawn. And after using the last shreds of her patience, Astrid made her way down to the Great Hall where everyone, except Hiccup, were watching her with knowing smiles. Whatever it was must have been important though, as not even Fishlegs would spill the beans. Before long Hiccup arrived, and it was safe to say that he'd been right. The wait was well worth it.

After nearly five years of dating, Hiccup and Astrid finally took the next step, they entered that day as boyfriend and girlfriend, they exit as an engaged couple.

Another thing that Hiccup was correct on, everything was going to change now, and sometimes, change was all worthwhile.

****Hi again! So I'm sorry about the wait, but now I should be updating a lot faster because I am on Easter break (no school, woo!) Anyway, this shot was based on the request sent in by an anonymous reviewer.****

****Feel free to review or leave your own request!****

5. Dinner

Dinner

Everyone knew about Astrid's ability to cook things that were potentially lethal without meaning to, it was no big secret amongst the Viking clan inhabiting Berk. That's why when Astrid offered to cook dinner, Hiccup was absolutely mortified. He had just gotten back from a day of hard core flying when he found Astrid standing over a boiling cauldron with a grin plastered to her face. Oh how he wished his father wasn't out on that stupid trip right about now.

"Guess what, Hiccup?" Excitement coated her words. Hiccup was almost too afraid to ask, his stomach began to sink.

"What?" His voice was small, almost girly.

"I'm making dinner tonight! It's going to taste amazing!" She sprinkled a few herbs into the boiling water before stirring it all with a wooden spoon.

"Umâ€¦ That's okay, I'm sure I can manage on my own. You can go back home if you want to- not that I want you to or anything, but ya know. You don't have to cook." Hiccup rambled, realising that his words could easily be taken the wrong way. Luckily, Astrid didn't notice this.

"Nope, I don't mind! Besides, you're all on your own! Who would prepare your food?" Astrid asked, raising her eyebrows in thought before looking up at her boyfriend.

"Well I would make dinner, it's not that-"

"Oh please, we all know that men can't cook! It's a women's job!"

"Hey!" Hiccup threw his leather helmet down before going over to

stand near Astrid, trying to get a glance at what she was making whilst warming by the fire at the same time.

"It's almost done now! Go and sit at the table." She told him. Hiccup began muttering under his breath about her acting like his mother. He nervously bounced his right knee underneath the table as his girlfriend began walking towards him with two bowls in her hands.

"Um! Thanks, Astrid." Hiccup nodded as she put them down on the table with two taps. She pushed her boyfriend's food towards him before going over to sit opposite him. Astrid immediately dug in, scooping up spoonful after spoonful of the liquid before looking up.

"Are you just going to watch it then?" The blonde girl asked, sounded slightly offended. Hiccup licked his lips before plopping his spoon into the bowl and bringing it back up with some chopped vegetable and some coloured liquid. He nervously brought it to his lips before swallowing and!

It tasted delicious! The teen instantly dunked his cutlery back into the soup and ate some more. It tasted amazing! Astrid had been right! How she had pulled this off he would never know. The girl smiled in satisfaction before continuing with her meal.

It tasted so good that Hiccup pushed Toothless' snout away when he attempted to steal a little of it, the black dragon huffed before going back to the corner to eat his fish, rolling his eyes at his friends' eating habits. From that moment forth, Hiccup decided to never doubt Astrid's cooking ever again, he vowed that he would try everything she made.

Well, let's just say that promise was quickly broken when Toothless found Hiccup throwing up behind the house after having dinner with Astrid just a week later.

Yay for quick updates! Thanks for reading; and thank you for the reviews, follows and favourites so far!

Feel free to review or leave your own request! :)

6. Stress

Stress

"I can't do this anymore!" Hiccup moaned as he paced up and down in his bedroom. "I can't take it! Why does he always expect so much from me? Why can't he just leave me alone? Gods, it's always my fault, isn't it?! _"Hiccup do this!" "Hiccup do that!" "Hiccup get here before I eat you!"_" He ranted angrily. Toothless gave his friend a funny look, "Okay, maybe that last one isn't entirely true, but you get the idea!"

Toothless cooed loudly before blocking Hiccup from pacing any more, it was beginning to do his head in. Hiccup responded by going over, sitting on his bed and putting his head in his hands. He gave a shaky sigh; "I don't know what to do anymore, Toothless. I'm sick of all this arguing me and dad do, I just wish that he'd understand!" A

single tear dripped through Hiccup's hands, he quickly wiped it away.

Toothless whined for his rider, he nudged Hiccup in the shoulder before licking his face. Hiccup swatted him away with a shaky laugh. "Cut it out, Bud!"

Toothless, of course, did not "cut it out" he carried on licking the boy until he was rolling around laughing. After a minute or two, when the Viking was literally bathed in dragon spit, Toothless pulled his tongue back into his mouth where it stayed. Hiccup sat up from his place on the floor and gave the Night Fury a small smirk. Toothless sat back on his haunches and watched the human in triumphs, as if saying;

"_I win! Now stop being sad!_"_

"Okay, okay, I understand." Hiccup sighed; he got to his feet and brushed himself off before glancing out of the window. "It's almost sunsetâ€¦ You wanna go for a few laps?" The dragon began to bounce around excitedly, acting a lot like a destructive puppy. Hiccup quickly mounted Toothless and the pair flew through the large window with ease.

Even though his father really did get to him sometimes, along with the duties he sometimes wished he didn't have, Hiccup knew that Toothless would always be there for him. And that's the way that he hoped it'd stay.

Super short but I didn't get chance to finish the request I was working on. So this was already pre-written and on my computer, so I put it to use.

**Anyway, thanks for reading and hopefully I'll update faster next time! :D **

7. Of Pranks and Prosthetics - Part One

Of Pranks and Prosthetics-Part 1

After a particularly tiring day of training, flying and keeping the Thorston twins and Snotlout in order, Hiccup had blocked out everything, practically dragging himself back home, before going upstairs and throwing himself onto his warm bed. As soon as his head hit the pillow he instantly fell victim to the hands of sleep. He was out like a light, Toothless repeating the process shortly after.

However, little did he know of what was being plotted elsewhere...

Rubbing his hands together evilly, Snotlout rounded the corner and quietly sneaked up the hill to the Haddock household. Now for the hardest part of the whole operation, he needed to get in, do what was needed, before getting out again- and all without being seen.

"Hookfang!" Snotlout hissed in mild annoyance as the Monstrous Nightmare happily watched a crisp, auburn leaf float past, barely

noticeable, in the cool autumn breeze. Upon hearing his name, the dragon turned around. "C'mon! We have to focus!"

Hookfang took one last glance at the leaf before joining his rider at the top of the hill. Snotlout rolled his eyes and pointed to the open latch on the roof of Hiccup's bedroom, then to himself, then back to the latch once again. The Viking looked to his dragon expectantly. All Hookfang did was carry on staring at him, confused. Snotlout face palmed. "Get me up there!" Hookfang made a move to fling his rider into the air. "Quietly! We can't risk being seen!" He added.

Tired of Snotlout's orders, Hookfang bowed his head to allow Snotlout to climb on. Said boy smiled before allowing his dragon to lift him up to the window. Lowering himself down, Snotlout told Hookfang to stay put, they watched each other for a couple of seconds, Snotlout wanted to be sure the Nightmare would stay put.

Once he'd managed to climb into his targets' room, which was harder than he thought it would be, Snotlout was faced with the even harder task of how he was going to get to Hiccup's prosthetic- which, much to his surprise, he was still wearing. But there was no way that he was going to back down from this perfect opportunity for a prank now, he wasn't going to let Hiccup get away with that last prank he pulled in the final round of the prank competitionâ€¦

Currently, Hiccup was sprawled across his bed laying stomach-down. Part one of his master plan must've worked. _'Annoy Hiccup until he reaches breaking point and goes home to sleep, check.' _Snotlout thought as he advanced across the wooden floor. He stole a quick glance over his shoulder at the sleeping Night Fury in the corner. _That_ dragon didn't look like he'd be waking up any time soon!

Snotlout's hands reached towards the prosthetic in anticipation. Luckily, he was able to quickly untie it from Hiccup's leg without him waking up. Bringing it closer to his face, he inspected the various screws and springs. Now, which one to loosen? He settled for the two keeping it all together. Pulling out a small pair of pliers (stolen from Gobber's forge) from his belt, Snotlout began to untwist the two target screws. He made sure that they weren't _too_ loose though, he didn't want Hiccup to notice that there was something wrong straight away.

Next, he inspected the spring; then he very un-strategically forced the tongs of the pliers around the thin metal and pulled it out a little further than it needed to be. This way, when the prosthetic finally gave out, the spring would force the whole thing apart and Hiccup would fall flat on his face, and hopefully be mortally embarrassed whilst Snotlout laughed enough to last for the next three day.

Satisfied with his handiwork, the prankster pushed the prosthetic close to the stump of Hiccup's left leg and decided to leave it there. Climbing back up into the window frame, after several failed attempts, he took one last glance at the still sleeping and unsuspecting Hiccup and began sniggering. He looked to the ground and saw Hookfang waiting for him. Therefore, the teen jumped down, still laughing, and expected to land in the saddle. Instead, the Nightmare saw him coming and decided to quickly move out of the way, looking around with as much innocence as he could muster when he heard a loud

thump followed by a muffled moan.

Picking himself off the floor, he growled angrily at Hookfang, "Really?"

Hookfang turned and flew away from the scene, leaving Snotlout along in the dark to walk home. "Stupid reptile." He muttered.

* * *

><p>With an overly exaggerated stretch and a particularly loud yawn, Hiccup sat upright in his bed and rubbed his eyes. He suddenly noticed the bright light streaming down through his open window.<p>

"Oh man, how long was I asleep?!" He groaned, "Toothless, bud, wake up! We need to get down to the academy!" He quickly changed his clothes and made a move to get out of bed when he noticed that he was no longer wearing his prosthetic. He could've sworn that he went to sleep wearing it last night. However, in his rush to leave the house, he ignored the curious circumstance and crossed it off as 'fallen off whilst sleeping'.

Toothless stretched much like a cat would before sauntering over to Hiccup; he looked as though he was still half asleep. The dragon nudged his side and cooed, looking at the roof expectantly.

"Sorry, bud, no morning flight today. We're running seriously late; let's get down to the academy." The duo hurriedly stumbled down the stairs and out of the door, continuing their run to their destination, rather than using logic and flying there.

"Oh, look who finally decided to show up!" Astrid stood in front of the group of annoyed Viking teens. She placed a hand on her hip and glared at Hiccup. "It's almost midday! You're how many hours late, and you look like you just woke up!"

"I'm sorry, I accidentally slept in late! I just had a long day yesterday!" Hiccup protested, making himself jump when his prosthetic leg suddenly gave a loud squeak. Snotlout smiled.

"Maybe we should make him run through the woods as a punishment."

"You'd better hope I don't make you run through the woods!" Astrid turned around, "Do you have any idea how annoying you are! It's a wonder you're still here!"

"Hey, Hiccup, if you get kicked out of the academy for being late, can I be in charge?" Tuffnut asked completely out of the blue.

"Wait, no, I'd be in charge. Not you!" Ruffnut shoved her brother back.

"No you wouldn't! I'm way more awesome than you!"

"Yeah, but I'm older!"

"By eleven seconds!"

"Guys!" Fishlegs interrupted, hoping to stop everyone around him from arguing. Of course nobody listened. "GUYS!" He mustered all the voice he had and bellowed loud enough to grab the attention he was seeking. When all eyes turned to him, he released a nervous laugh, "Can we focus on training now?"

"Yeah, I guess." Hiccup took his place at the front. "Okay, so continuing from where we left off last time- with the free falling. Get on your dragons and let's head out, and this time, no trying to set the sea on fire!" He turned his attention to the Twins.

"What? It was one time!" Tuffnut flung his arms out in emphasis, knocking his sister off the Zippleback's thin neck.

Hiccup shook his head. "Let's head out!" He ordered. He clicked his prosthetic into place, taking no note of the rattling sound as the already loose screws worked their way out.

Unfortunately, Hiccup had no idea of what awaited himâ€¦

****Hey there, I hope you enjoyed Part one of this, there is only going to be one other part, which will come with the next update. What do you think will happen next?*****

8. Of Pranks and Prosthetics- Part Two

Of Pranks and Prosthetics- Part 2

An odd feeling had settled in Hiccup's chest, like something really bad was going to happen. But it was a beautiful day, the twins were behaving, Snotlout was following commandsâ€¦ it almost seemed _too_ good coming the think about it. Looking around from where he was settled on Toothless' back, hovering above the ocean just off Berk, everything was calm, peaceful even. Maybe he was just paranoid. Yes, that was it, Hiccup though, he was just paranoid.

Before long, everyone else, excluding Fishlegs, had at least attempted at their free-falling. And whilst some attempts where more successful than others, they'd all tried, even if both of the Thorston twins had ended up in the freezing waters below at some point.

"C'mon bud, it's our turn now." Hiccup whispered encouragingly into the Night Fury's dark ear plate. Patting the dragon's head, Hiccup readied himself for the dive. He unattached himself from the saddle and took his booted foot and prosthetic from the stirrups, before bringing up both of his legs up into a crouch. Hiccup quickly glanced around to see his fellow Vikings watching him intently, waiting for him to fall. Toothless cooed to give the signal, and, before Hiccup knew he was doing it, straightened his legs and sprung from his crouched position- instantly hurtling through the air.

As he pushed off, the green-eyed Viking could've sworn that he heard something clinking in his leg, it sounded like he was going to have to pay Gobber a visit after today's lesson was over. Coming to think of it, he hadn't had his prosthetic looked at in quite a while, no wonder it was making noises, he'd been neglecting the proper care of it. Quickly pushing all distracting thoughts from his mind, Hiccup

concentrated on the feeling of the wind blowing through his hair, the enjoyable rush of adrenaline and the funny feeling he got in his stomach as he descended.

With a large smile, he prepared himself to grab a hold of Toothless' saddle. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted his dragon zooming through the air towards him; it was a little something they'd been working on over the past few weeks when they got the time to. All Hiccup had to do was wait for the right moment before grabbing hold of Toothless and getting back into the saddle as he hurtled past in a horizontally straight line, the two of them had recently perfected this and so had decided to showcase it during the lesson.

Without a doubt about what was going to happen, Hiccup did as he had practised and quickly seized Toothless' leather saddle, and brought himself back down into a sitting position, feeling his heart swell with pride as he heard his peers gasps and "ooh's" and "ahh's". Or at least that's how he wished it would have gone, instead as soon as his prosthetic foot made contact with the metal clasp he needed to attach it to, a horrible aching pain spasmed through his leg as the metal part burst apart.

Hiccup watched, as though in slow motion, as the screws fell out, the spring shot out sideways and everything basically went kaput. He felt his left leg collide with nothing but air as he slipped his weight a little too far to that side and felt himself fall from the saddle. This type of free-falling wasn't welcomed, at all. As Hiccup fell, he noticed that Toothless had been moving so fast that he was now over land, over the forest to be exact. This. Wasn't. Good.

Hiccup could faintly hear the screams and yells of his panicked friends as he plummeted downwards, the sounds of the rushing winds and his own heartbeat drumming loudly drowned most other noise out. Without anyone to control the prosthetic tail fin, Hiccup realised, Toothless was falling too, which meant it was likely that the both of them would be injured from this unfortunate event. Nevertheless, Hiccup still tried desperately to reach for the frantic Night Fury. But it was too late; the large trees soon came up to meet him, slapping his body around sickeningly. Hiccup felt his cheek being sliced open and the horrible burning sensation of his left leg as he passed through the unforgiving branches.

Everything was happening so quickly that Hiccup was finding it extremely hard to keep up with what was going on; all he knew right now was that his prosthetic had literally exploded on him and as a result he and Toothless were currently tumbling through the trees. The unlucky Viking was finally granted a break when his mind succumbed to the darkness of unconsciousness, and being unwilling to feel the impact of the ground, he welcomed it.

The next thing he knew was that he was back in his bedroom, as if waking up to start a new day. By the looks of things, it looked as though it was a new day. Light streamed through the open latch in his roof, it was warm and made for a perfect flying day. All thoughts of such a plan were quickly obliterated when a horrible pounding in his head caused everything to come rushing back to him in one continuous blur of memory. Toothless! What about Toothless?! Quickly sitting up, Hiccup immediately saw his dragon fast asleep on his slab of rock, a hefty sigh of relief passed through his chapped lips. Thank the God's above! Toothless was safe!

Raising a hand to his pounding head, he groaned, probably another concussion, he thought. Looking around further, Hiccup noticed a small slip of parchment lying, neatly folded, next to a mug of water on a small wooden chair beside the bed. He looked around to see if anyone was watching him before carefully unfolding the note.

_Hiccup, _

Sorry about what happened, don't worry though, me and Stormfly caught you before you hit the ground. When you're better, come by the academy, Snotlout has a little something to confess, he messed with your leg when you weren't looking. I thought I'd better tell you now 'cause I doubt he'll give you the entire story.

_Hope you feel better, _

Astrid.

Hiccup smiled at the note, first because Astrid cared enough to leave a note, rather than just tell someone to tell him, and second because he already had quite a few things in mind he was going to say to Snotlout. He pulled his covers away and was met with a gleam of metal, great, a new leg. Hiccup's smile grew. Standing up, he tested the new prosthetic, happy with how it felt, he began his long walk to the academy- deciding to let Toothless get some sleep.

Snotlout was really going to pay for this, first things first, before he yelled, he was going to deliver Snotlout his two least favourite words, "_Cleaning Duty"._

* * *

><p>Hi, sorry for long it's taken to update, and I'm also sorry for the poor quality of this chapter. But, I had lost my ideas for this chapter so everything kinda failed.

Anyways, thanks for all the reviews, favourites and follows so far! My next one-shot will be better, I promise!

End
file.